

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK'S CONQUEST OF THE POLE

History of an Arctic Expedition

That was Born Without Bombast or Clamor—No Government Help, No Private Contributions Asked or Sought.

OUTFITTING FOR THE POLAR DASH

From the Schooner Yacht John R. Bradley—Equipment Thoroughly Overhauled as the Vessel Heads for the Boreal Land of Mystery—Eskimo Home Life—One Tragedy of the Arctic—Trading with the Eskimos—Thrilling Story Written by Dr. Cook while He was Held Captive in the Ice Locked Wilderness of the Arctic Zone.

The Norwich Bulletin this morning prints the first part of Dr. Cook's own story of his conquest of the pole. The first part of his full narrative covers the early part of the trip, and contains many graphic pictures of Arctic life and experience. By arrangement with the New York Herald, The Bulletin has the exclusive right for the publication of the Cook story for the week. The second installment will be printed on Saturday.

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Herald Bureau.
No. 49 Avenue de l'Opera.
Paris, Tuesday, Sept. 14.
(Special Despatch to the Herald via Commercial Cable Company's System).
When Dr. Frederick A. Cook sailed to the Herald from Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands, on Wednesday, Sept. 1, the pulse stirring announcement that, after prolonged fighting against famine and frost, he had succeeded in reaching the North pole, the public read with avidity every detail of his wonderful narrative of suffering endured, that mankind might learn from it and literature be enriched by the annals of his successful fight to the top of the world.

Herald readers were proud that the explorer had found a new land. They marvelled when told of sunburns and frostbites in the same day, shivered as they read how dog eat dog, that the fittest might survive, and accompanied him in fancy to the region beyond where life is, where he felt the mad-dening influence of the desert ice until, after incredible efforts, he reached the goal and placed the American flag in a tin tube on the shifting ice of the nineteenth parallel. To use his own words, "Amid an endless field of purple snows, where there was neither life nor land, where he and his two Eskimos were the only living creatures."

It is worthy of note that Commander Peary's impression of the pole was like those of Dr. Cook, disappointing. There was nothing striking to be seen, nothing to stimulate enthusiasm; but they had pierced the boreal center. When his story was made public through the Herald, the world, thrilled by the narration, hailed him as a discoverer.

But a few newspapers and partisans of another Arctic enterprise denied his truth, although they accepted without question the equally marvelous story furnished later by Commander Robert E. Peary. These critics said no man could make fifteen miles a day beyond the eightieth parallel. But Commander Peary has done more than that.

They scoffed at dancing horizons and mirages that turned things topsy-turvy. But Commander Peary makes corroborating allusion to the same curious atmospheric effects created in higher latitudes by the diffused light, which seemed to come from all directions at once.

Indeed, although the Herald is not partisan, its mission being to get the news and print it first, it cannot overlook the fact that Commander Peary, notwithstanding his protests and charges against Dr. Cook, confirms in many vital details the truth of the Brooklyn explorer's narrative.

Other critics have declared that Dr. Cook was unprepared, whereas facts furnished by his backer and friend, John R. Bradley, in July, 1908, show that the expedition was carefully planned and thoroughly equipped with dogs, sleds, pemmican and other necessities of polar exploration.

With this brief summary, the Herald presents today the beginning of Dr. Cook's remarkable story of his conquest of the North, written while a prisoner in the snow and ice, and will continue its publications in chapters on alternate days, thus placing before the world which, in his case, is the jury that will declare upon his claim that he preceded Commander Peary to the boreal center and is therefore the discoverer of the North pole.

FIRST INSTALLMENT.
THE CONQUEST OF THE POLE.

By Dr. Frederick A. Cook.

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The expedition was equipped at Gloucester, Mass. All was ready on the evening of July 3, 1907. Ashore boys were testing their fireworks for the morrow of celebration, but aboard, as our vessel, the John R. Bradley, withdrew from the pier, all was quiet. There was no visiting crowds of curiosity seekers, no fooling whistles signalled our departure.

An Arctic expedition has been born without the usual public bombast. There was, indeed, no excuse for clamor. Neither the help of the government nor the contributions of private individuals had been sought. The project was quietly given life and its expenses were paid by John R. Bradley. Its destiny was shaped by the writer.

Mr. Bradley was interested in game animals of the North. I was interested in the game of the polar quest. For the time being the business concern was only. If the venture proved successful there would be time enough to raise the banner of victory. If it failed none had the privilege of reaping upon us the unmerited abuse which usually comes to the returning polar traveler.

As we headed for the boreal wilds and thought with satisfying force the chilled northern waters, there was time to re-examine the equipment and review prospective contingencies of the campaign.

In a brief month all had been prepared for the peculiar mission. We had purchased a strong Gloucester fishing schooner, fitted with a motor, covered for ice and loaded down with suitable supplies for a prolonged period.

One morning the bold cliffs of Cape York were dimly outlined in the gray mist which screened the land. A storm had carried so much ice against the coast that a near approach was impossible, and continued winds kept up a sea, which made it equally difficult to land on the ice.

In Ice Free Polar Waters.
Though anxious to meet the natives of Cape York, we were forced to turn and set a course for the next village, at North Star bay. At noon the sooty clouds separated and in the north through the narrow breaks we saw the steep slopes and warm color of crimson cliffs resting on the rising water. Daring through hazy air were countless guillemots, gulls, little auks and elder ducks. We were in the ice free north waters, where creatures of the sea find a marine oasis in midst of a polar desert.

ON TO THE NORTH.
A SEARCH FOR GUIDES.

Eskimo Men Much in Demand—Mr. Bradley Visits Old Friends.

The coast was about two thousand feet high, evidently the remains of an old tableland which extends a considerable distance northward. Here and there were short glaciers, which had cut down the cliffs in their effort to push to the sea level.

Beyond the long, straight line of red cliffs a conical rock, the navigator's signpost, rose from the deep. Soon the long ice wall of Petowik glacier rose, and beyond, to the eastward, we perceived the waving white of the overland sea of ice which submerges the interior of all Greenland.

Tis kind of coast extends poleward to the land's end. It is the abundant sea life which makes human habitation just possible here, though land animals are also important. The people of the farthest north are crowded into a natural reservation by the Arctic ice wall of Melville Bay in the south, and the stupendous line of cliffs of Humboldt Glacier in the north.

This coast extends over but three degrees of latitude, but with its many bays and the great fords of Wolstenholme Sound and Inglefield Gulf the sea line is drawn out to about four thousand miles.

Home of the Eskimos.
Widely scattered in small villages, the northernmost Eskimo finds here a good living. A narrow band of rocky land between the land ice and the sea offers grass, upon which feed ptarmigan, hare and caribou. Numerous cliffs and islands afford a resting place in summer for myriads of seabirds that seek the small life of the icy waters. Blue and white fox wander everywhere. Seal, walrus, narwhal and white whale sport in the summer sun, while the bear, king of the polar wilds, roams over the sea at all times.

Seeking abundant game, this little tribe of most primitive man does not feel his hopeless isolation. The yacht dodged the icebergs and dangerous rocks in the fog about Cape Athol, they turned eastward to cross Wolstenholme Sound.

As we neared Table Mountain, which guards North Star Bay, many natives came out in kayaks to meet us. Some were recognized as old friends. There was Myah, he of many wives; Osbolah, who had executed Angoodishah, styled the villain by Gibson, at Redcliffe House, and Pincoota, husband of the queen, in whose family are to be found the only hybrid children of the tribe.

Later Knud Rasmussen, a Danish writer living as a native among the people, came aboard. With him we got better acquainted during the winter. Our engines were disabled by a loose universal joint, so we lowered a launch and two dogs to tow the yacht to a safe anchorage. At high tide the vessel was grounded, a propeller which had been bent was straightened and the universal joint put to rights.

In the meantime the launch was kept rushing to and fro, with Mr. Bradley and the writer as passengers. On shore the harpoon gun was tried, and around the bay waters we bagged a number of elder ducks.

Eskimo Town Visited.
Late at night a visit was made to the town of Oomanooh. There were seven triangular seal skin tents, conveniently placed on picturesque rocks.

Gathered about these in large numbers were men, women and children, shivering in the midnight chill. They were old looking specimens of humanity. In height the men averaged but five feet two inches and the women four feet ten inches. All had broad faces, heavy, wrinkled and well rounded limbs. Their skin was slightly bronzed. Men and women had coal black hair and brown eyes. The nose was short, and the hands and feet were short but thick.

A genial woman was found at every tent opening, ready to receive the visitors in due form. We entered and had a short chat with each family. There was not much news to exchange. After we had gone over the list of marriages and deaths, the luck of the chase became the topic of conversation.

It was a period of monogamy. Myah had exchanged a plurality of wives for a larger team of dogs, and there was but one other man in the tribe with two wives.

Women were rather scarce. Several marriageable men were forced to forego the advantages of married life because there were not enough wives for all. By mutual agreement several men had exchanged wives; in other cases women had chosen other partners, and the changes were made seemingly to the advantage of all, for no regrets were expressed.

With no law, no literature and no fixed custom to fasten the matrimonial bond, these simple but intelligent people control their destinies with remarkable success.

There was an average of three fat, clever children for each family, the youngest as a rule resting in a pocket on the mother's back.

Dwellings of the Eskimos.
The tent had a raised platform, upon which all slept. The edges of this made a seat, and on each side were placed stone lamps, in which blubber was burned, with moss as a wick. Over this was a drying rack, and there was other furniture.

The message of furs gave the Eskimos a look of savage fierceness which their kindly faces and easy temperament did not warrant.

On board the yacht there had been busy days of barter. Furs and ivory had been gathered in heaps in exchange for guns, knives and needles. Every seaman, from cabin boy to captain, had suddenly got rich in the gamble of trade for prized blue fox skins and narwhal tusks.

The Eskimos were equally elated with their end of the bargain. For a beautiful fox skin, of less use to a native than a dog pelt, he had secured a pocket knife that would serve him half a lifetime.

A woman had exchanged her fur pants, worth hundreds of dollars, for a red pocket handkerchief, with which she would decorate her head and igloo for years to come.

Another had given her bearskin mits for needles, and conveyed the idea that she had the long end of the trade. A fat youth, with only a smile, displayed with glee two brilliant cups, one for himself and one for his prospective bride. All of this glitter had been received in exchange for an ordinary ivory horn worth about ninety dollars.

The Yacht Again Afloat.
The midnight tide lifted the yacht on an even keel from her makeshift drydock on the beach, and she was pulled out into the bay and anchored for a few hours. Oomanooh was but one of six villages in the tribe having divided its two hundred and fifty people for the current season.

To study the people, to further encourage the game of barter and to enjoy the spectacle of the more northern villages, it was a gray day, with a quiet sea. The speed of the yacht was not fast enough to be exciting, so Mr. Bradley suggested lowering the launch and making a dash for a chase of walrus, or a drive to anything that happened to cut the waters.

The harpoon gun was taken, as it was hoped that a whale might come by, but the gun proved untrustworthy and did not contribute much to our sport. We were able to run all round the yacht as she slowly sailed over Wolstenholme Sound.

Ducks were secured in abundance. Seats were given chase, but they were able to escape our craft. Nearing Saunders Island a herd of walrus was seen on a pan of drift ice far ahead of the yacht. The magnet was pushed, the carburetor opened, and out we rushed after the shooting beasts.

Two with splendid tusks were obtained, and two tons of meat blubber were turned over to our Eskimo allies.

The days of hunting proved quite different from the life of the Eskimo. We were glad to seek the comfort of our cozy cabins when roast elder duck had filled a large gap.

An Eskimo Widow's Story.
Among the Eskimo passengers pacing the deck was a widow, who, in tears, told us the story of her life, a story which offered a deep insight into the comedy and tragedy of Eskimo existence.

She had arranged a den under a shelter of seal skins among the anchor chains. We had offered her a large bed, with straw in it, and a place between decks as a better nest for her brood of youngsters, but she refused, saying she preferred the open air on deck.

To my question as to how the world had been, she buried her face in her hands and began to mutter to her two boys, the youngest just in pants. I knew her early history, so could understand her story without hearing all the details of her sorrow.

She had come from American shores and, as a foreign belle, her hand was sought early. At thirteen Ikwa introduced her to a wedded life not strewn with blubber. He was cruel and not always true in sin, for which his brother, the angkok, or doctor, was without his consent put out of harm's way.

Two girls graced their home. One was now married. When the pang of loss was over, Ikwa took the children and invited her to leave, saying that he had taken to wife Atah, a plump maid and a good seamstress. Manee had neither advantage, but she knew something of human nature, and soon found another husband, a good deal older, but better than the first. Their life was a hard one, for Nordingwah was not a good hunter, but their home was peaceful and happy. Two children enlivened it. Both were at her side on the yacht, a boy of eight, the only deaf and dumb Eskimo in all the land, and a thin, pale waifling of three.

A Tragedy of the Arctic.
Both had been condemned by the Eskimo law of the survival of the fittest, the first because of insufficient senses, and the second because it was under three and still on its mother's back when the father passed away.

We were not to participate in the strife of life. But an unusual mother loved them.

A few days before the previous winter the old father, anxious to provide warm seal skins for the prolonged night had ventured alone far up into the mountains. His gun went off accidentally and he never returned.

The executor of the brother of Manee's former husband was kind to

her for the long night and kept famine from her door. In the summer day she had been able to keep herself, but who could provide for her for the night to come. Her only resource was to ask the old heart of her former husband, and we were performing the unpleasant mission of taking her to him as wife No. 2.

When we later saw Ikwa he did not thank us for the trouble we had taken, but we did expect to reward the speed of the yacht increased as the night advanced. A snow squall frosted the decks, and to escape the icy air we sought our warm berths early. At 4 o'clock in the morning the gray gloom separated and the warm sun poured forth a suitable wealth of August rays. In a few moments the winter frost was changed to summer glories.

At this time we passed the ice battered and storm swept cliff of Cape Parry. Beyond was Whale Sound, in a sea of gold, strewn with ice islands of ultramarine and alabaster, white spouted and gullies shaded. The graph was out early for a fight. Large flocks of little auks rushed over on hurried missions.

Entering Inglefield Gulf.
The wind was light, but the engines pulled us along at a pace just fast enough to allow us to enjoy the superb surroundings. In the afternoon

we were well into Inglefield Gulf, and near Inglefield there was a strong head wind and enough ice about to engage the eye of the lookout.

We aimed here to secure Eskimo guides and with them seek caribou in Oolua Bay. While the yacht was taking for a favorable berth in the drift, off Kanga the launch was lowered and we sought to interview the Eskimos of Inglefield. The ride was a wet one and Mr. Bradley had the first important use of his raincoat, as a short choppy sea poured icy spray over us and tumbled us about with vigorous thumps.

There were only one woman, a few children and about a score of dogs at the place. The woman talked quickly and explained at some length that her husband and others were away on a caribou hunt, and she told us without a leading question the news of the tribe for a day.

After gasping for breath like a smothered seal, she began with news of previous years and a history of the forgotten ages. We started back for the launch and she invited herself to the pleasure of our company to the beach.

An Eskimo Trade.
We had only gone a few steps before it occurred to her that she was in need of something. Would we not give her a few boxes of matches in exchange for a narwhal tusk? We would be delighted, said Mr. Bradley, and a handful of sweets that went with the bargain. Her boy brought down two ivory tusks, each eight feet in length. The two were worth one hundred and fifty dollars.

Had we a knife to spare? Yes, and a tin spoon was also given just to show that we were liberal.

As we went on northward across Inglefield Gulf, this made fair wind, and we cut tumbling seas of ebony with a racing dash. Though the wind was strong the air was remarkably clear.

A great chiseled cliff of Cape Ackland rose in terraced grandeur under the midnight sun. The distance over was twelve miles. But we had hardly finished last evening's series of submerged rocks and shallow water.

It is necessary for deep sea craft to give Karnah a wide berth. There were bergs enough about to hold the water down, though an occasional sea rose with a sickening thump.

The launch towed the dory, of which Manee and her children were the only occupants. We preferred to give her the luxury and privacy of a separate conveyance for several reasons, the most important being the necessity of affording room for her dogs and her household furniture, consisting of three bundles of skins and stoks.

Karnah was to be her future home, and as we neared the shore we tried to locate Ikwa, but there was not a man in town. Five women, fifteen children and forty-five dogs came out to meet us. The men were on a hunting campaign and their location was not exactly known.

Atah, Manee's rival, a fat, unsocial creature, stood on a useful stone where we chose to land, and did not accommodate us with footing on the same platform. She had not seen Manee for seven years, but she scented the game and gave us the cold shoulder for the part we had innocently played in it. Ikwa was not there, so no open breach of etiquette could be possible.

A Thrifty Eskimo Camp.
There were five seal skin tents pitched among the bowlders of a glacial stream. An immense quantity of narwhal meat was placed on the rocks and stones to dry. Skins were stretched on the grass and a general air of thrift was shown about the place.

Bundles of seal skins packages of pelts and much ivory were brought out to trade and establish friendly intercourse. We gave them blubber, tobacco and ammunition in quantities to suit their own estimate of value.

The fat woman entered her tent and we saw no more of her during our stay, for she did not venture to trade with the others. Manee was kindly treated by the other village folk, and a pot steaming with oily meat was soon served in her honor. We were cordially invited to partake of the

feast, but had a convenient excuse, just having finished a meal.

Would we not place ourselves at ease and stay for a day or two as their husbands would soon return? We were forced to decline their hospitality, for without the harbor there was too much wind to keep the yacht waiting.

Eskimos have no system of salutation except a greeting smile or a parting look of regret. We got both at the same time as we stepped into the launch and shouted goodbye.

Aboard the captain was told to proceed to Cape Robertson. The wind eased, a fog came over from the inland ice and blotted out the landscape down to about a thousand feet, but under this the air was clear.

(Dr. Cook's narrative will be continued in The Bulletin of Saturday, September 18.)

WOULD COMPEL MR. PEARY
TO PROVE HIS CHARGES.

Capt. Frank A. Houghton, Who Built the Roosevelt, Pronounces the Accusations Against Dr. Cook Outrageous.

New York, September 15.—Unqualified condemnation of the course that his accuser would be compelled to produce his proofs.

Dr. Cook Straightforward.
"Commander Peary now insists that he can wait for months before he will submit the reasons for believing that Dr. Cook has given the world a false account. The attitude of Dr. Cook is straightforward and manly throughout, and he has proven his character by the way in which he has borne himself under trying circumstances. It seems entirely improbable that Dr. Cook is in any way deviating from the truth. I do not believe for a moment that he could go to Denmark, where polar exploration has been carried on for centuries, and tell any story which would deceive Danish scientists, who are familiar with the exact conditions. The Danes own Greenland, and they are familiar with all conditions in the Arctic. If any man can fool them he is certainly a genius, and they have accepted the account of Dr. Cook as the truth."

"What sheer nonsense it is to say that Dr. Cook could fake observations. His journal when submitted to critical examination ought in itself to practically bear out his story. There are so many things by which his story can be checked, such as the bearing of heavenly bodies, the variation of the compass and the readings of the barometer. In the hands of experts who would have access to every journal or field book he could be tripped up at every turn. Does anybody believe that a man of his experience does not know that? He would not do so absurd a thing as to come back to the scientific world with a story which could be riddled at every turn if it were false."

It is a deplorable affair. How much better it would have been for Commander Peary to have said that he was not aware that Dr. Cook had reached the pole or that he might have made a mistake in his observations and offered to submit the question. Now that Commander Peary has seen fit to spoil his story by throwing mud over the wires, the average man will have about the same interest in the affair that he would in a first class prizefight. It would seem that the public would now demand that both men prove their claims, as there is no logical reason why one should be believed and the other discredited."

"One thing is certain, that now one must stand and the other fall, and the one who falls will fall hard. If Commander Peary does not substantiate his charges against Dr. Cook he will be in a bad position. If Dr. Cook is what Commander Peary says he is, he will hardly be able to live in this country."

"I cannot see," continued the captain, "why the story of either man that he had been to the pole should be discredited. The conditions seem to have been such that it was possible to reach the pole. The account of Dr. Cook was at first criticized, because his journey at the average rate of fifteen miles a day by sledge over ice was considered excessive. Commander Peary says that he went at a rate nearly twice as fast. There are no substantial variations in the newspaper accounts which the two explorers have telegraphed to this country."

"I see the suggestion made by Gen. Thomas W. Hubbard, president of the Peary Arctic Club, that Dr. Cook may have heard of Commander Peary's discovery of the pole and have made for civilization as fast as he could to claim the discovery for himself. Those who are familiar with conditions in the Arctic will at once see the absurdity of such a theory. As a matter of fact, the Eskimos seemed to have spread the story of Dr. Cook's discovery along the Greenland coast. Dr. Cook intended to come out of the Arctic with his story and was prevented from so doing by the advance of summer. He was in a place where he could not possibly have heard of the success of Commander Peary in reaching the pole."

"Commander Peary, with every facility at his command, came into communication as soon as he could. He lost no time. Dr. Cook could not have obtained his story in any way. He returns with a circumstantial account of his discovery which stands the tests of the Danish explorers and I see no reason why anybody should discredit it."

"I say what I have without any animosity toward Commander Peary. I have lived with him; I undertook the contract of building his ship after it had been relinquished by Captain Dix, and was, from the day the keel was laid, in charge of the construction. How well the Roosevelt was put together, and she was built for strength, every one knows by this time. I hoped that Commander Peary would succeed, but I cannot stand for a man who thinks he is safe on the ladder trying to kick the other fellow off."

Frank Wilbert Stokes, a well known artist, who painted the Arctic decorations for the Eskimo room of the American Museum of Natural History, which embody his observations on two Peary expeditions and one to the Antarctic, expressed yesterday his belief that Dr. Cook's story was true.

(Continued on Page Ten.)



DIAGRAM OF DR. COOK'S DASH FOR THE POLE

of Commander Peary toward Dr. Frederick A. Cook, discoverer of the North pole, is expressed by Capt. Frank A. Houghton, who built the Roosevelt, in which the civil engineer is now returning after having attained the boreal center. He fitted out the vessel and took her to Sydney preparatory to Captain Bartlett taking command.

Captain Houghton is a well known navigator, who has made seven voyages to the Arctic and is familiar with every detail of polar exploration. He is at present the master of the yacht Diana, and bears a high reputation in maritime circles for his fair mindedness and common sense. He was long intimately associated with Commander Peary, and is thoroughly familiar with the explorer's methods and ideas. He parted with him on good terms.

On reading Commander Peary's accusation that Dr. Cook had never reached the pole, Captain Houghton could not repress his indignation.

"It is an outrageous charge," said he when seen at the Hotel Belvidere, "for any man to make against a scientist and a gentleman. I do not know Dr. Cook personally, but I do know what his reputation is in the Arctic and I believe that I could not be capable of such actions as Commander Peary states. As I have said, I also know Commander Peary quite well. His latest manifesto, to the effect that Dr. Cook, whom he has denounced as an impostor and a liar, shall now produce his proofs that he has been to the pole, before his accuser will produce his to the contrary, is really refreshing. When one undertakes the role of a prosecutor the burden of proof rests upon him."

"Commander Peary should be compelled to make good these charges which he has so freely made against Dr. Cook, and Dr. Cook would be entirely justified in instituting proceedings against Commander Peary, so

Supplies Taken by Dr. Cook on Polar Dash

Following is the complete list of the supplies provided for John R. Bradley's yacht for the polar dash of Dr. Frederick A. Cook:

Eleven cases flour.	One hundred and eighteen bags coal.
Twenty cases corn meal.	Four stoves.
Six barrels corn meal.	Two alcohol stoves.
Twenty-nine cases biscuits.	Lamps.
Twelve barrels biscuits.	One canvas boat.
Four cases rice.	One case rifles.
One case smoked corned beef.	Two thousand rounds ammunition.
Four cases pork and beans.	Five Winchester rifle.
Eight cases ham.	One thousand rounds ammunition.
Five cases bacon.	One Thermos bottle.
Fifteen cases pemmican.	Two pairs shoes.
One case beef tongue.	Complete cooking outfit.
Two cases codfish.	Hickory wood for fifteen sleds.
One case peas.	Iron.
Sixteen cases beans.	Nails and screws.
Two cases potatoes.	Bedding.
Twenty-one cases sugar.	Sleeping bags.
Six cases tea.	One silk tent.
Ten cases coffee.	One box tools for iron work.
Four cases milk.	One box carpenter's tools.
One case eating butter.	One pair field glasses.
One tub butter for cooking.	One camera, with plates.
One tub lard.	Two dories, with oars.
One case soups.	One dozen pieces of glass for windows.
One case catsup.	Fifty feet stove pipe.
One case pepper, spices, horseradish, etc.	Three chairs.
One case vinegar, pickles, mustard, etc.	Twelve fox traps.
One case assorted jams and fruits.	One keg black powder.
One case strawberry juice for drinking.	One box hooks.
One case salt.	Two hundred tin boxes, with wood outside.
One case raisins and currants.	Wood for building house.
One case maple syrup.	Rope.
One case dried peaches.	Twelve charts.
Nine cases tobacco.	Maps.
One case washing and baking powder.	Charts.
Seven cases matches.	Maps.
Seventeen cases coal oil.	Maps.
One hundred and fifteen gallons alcohol.	Maps.
One case candles.	Maps.